

GIANTS, AFTER WINNING 26 STRAIGHT GAMES, TURN INTO PYGMIES AGAINST BROOKLYN

POOR SHOWING OF THE GIANTS AGAINST DODGERS IS MYSTERY WHICH NEEDS AN EXPLANATION

Winning of 1916 National League Pennant Brings Out Charges Against New York Players and Honesty of Game Is at Stake

IT IS unfortunate that the finger of suspicion should be pointed at the closing games in the National League when the race for the pennant is so close. It is unfortunate that two of the leading teams are placed in a position where it is necessary to explain their actions in the most important contest of the year, because the winning of the contest resulted in the winning of a National League pennant. Brooklyn defeated New York by the score of 9 to 6 yesterday and it is said that the game virtually was a gift from the men playing for McGraw.

It is not difficult to arouse the suspicions of the average baseball fan, and judging from reports, there were several things pulled in the battle on Ebbets Field which gave the fans plenty of food for thought. It had been pointed out by dopesters weeks before that McGraw would "lay down" in the final series with Brooklyn, if the team from across the river needed the games to clinch the pennant. The baseball public absorbed all of this comment in the newspapers—whether it was true or not—and were not surprised when the Giants, a team with twenty-six straight wins to its credit, lost the first game and played such miserable ball in the second that even the worst bush-league club in the country could have scored a victory.

Was the Game Played on the Level?

It matters not whether the New York players deliberately threw the game to Brooklyn or suffered an off day which caused the costly misplays. The fans have a feeling that everything was not on the level and the slipshod, sloppy, slipshod performance of the Giants not only is good cause for speculation, but also exposes a mystery which must be explained. The game will go down in history as one of the "queer" things in baseball and occupy the same niche in the minds of the fans with Merkle's famous "bone" when he failed to touch second. Perhaps it never will be explained, and if not, the reputation of baseball, which thus far has been clean, fair and free from scandal, surely must suffer.

It was not an ordinary game of baseball. Sports writers who have been following the game for years sensed something wrong, as can be seen from the following excerpts from their stories:

The Giants were loose and careless. The machine-like accuracy of their play was missing.

They looked as if they needed a pulmonator or a few tanks of oxygen.

The Giants' opposition was futile and listless. You wouldn't believe that a club that won twenty-six straight games from all kinds of teams during the last three weeks could play such foolish baseball.

Robertson at second made a brainless play and tried to get to third, which was occupied by Herzog. Herzog tried to go home, but was run down between the bases.

The Giants did not play baseball—they simply filled the positions. McGraw was sore, but any one would feel that way if he felt that his team had thrown him down. It was a shame to see a team like New York go out and refuse to play baseball.

These are the views of the majority of the newspaper men representing the home town of the Giants. They surely cannot be prejudiced, for as a general rule they always take the other side of the case. The home club can do no wrong, its mistakes are covered up or carefully explained; so it looks very strange the hammers of the scribes are bared for action. And to carry it further, the game must have been exceedingly raw to unleash that cyclonic attack which has bowled over every member of the team. Personalities are flying thick and fast today, with the New York players loudly proclaiming their innocence and the Brooklyn athletes insisting the game was on the square.

McGraw's Actions Are Mysterious

TAKEING it all in all, it is a beautiful mess, and the part played by John McGraw does not help matters. John, who is noted throughout the land as a strict disciplinarian, left the field in the fifth inning because his players refused to follow his instructions. Ever hear of a big league manager doing this before? You probably have read in the newspapers and magazines of how McGraw yanked the best player on his team out of the game because he missed a hit-and-run sign, or sent a pitcher to the shower bath because he refused to pass a man who was regarded as a heavy hitter.

Tales of McGraw's prowess with his bats, when he emphasized his clubhouse arguments with erring players, also reached the public, and we all can look back a few years and read of the battles this same McGraw had with umpires when he played with the famous Baltimore Orioles. We always pictured McGraw as a fighter—a man who never would quit and who would fight all the harder when things broke against him.

Can a man's personality suffer such a change in one day? It does not seem possible. For example, take McGraw's statement, which was published exclusively in the EVENING LEADER last night in the only true account of the game:

"That stuff was too much for me. I don't believe any of my players deliberately favored Brooklyn, but they simply refused to obey my orders and fooled about in a listless manner. When Perrett wound up with a man on first base, allowing the runner to steal second, I lost my patience and left the bench. I have worked too hard this year to stand around and watch playing like that and I refuse to be connected with it. I am through for the year."

This does not sound like McGraw, yet he said it. He left the field, utterly disgusted with the men he had taught to fear him—left the field without busting some one on the jaw or grabbing the pitcher by the hair and dragging him out of the box. It was not a true McGrawian act and we naturally seek some explanation.

Robbie and Muggsy Friends for Years

Delving once more into the musty files, we find that McGraw and Robinson are pals. They have been the closest friends for years and the friendship began way back in the early nineties when both played with the Orioles. In those days the New York manager earned the sobriquet of "Muggsy" and lived up to it in his daily spats with the umpires. Robinson always took Muggsy's part and became the official "fixer" when his friend went on the rampage.

When the Orioles disbanded, Robbie and Muggsy went to St. Louis and later opened up a cafe in Baltimore, as business partners. After they had sold out and McGraw took charge of New York, Robinson was sent for a few years ago to get the pitchers in shape for the coming world's series. He did his work well and from then on was on the payroll of the club. Then, when Robbie had a chance to take charge of Brooklyn, McGraw helped him in every way he could to get the job.

McGraw Did Right to Protect His Reputation

THIS bit of ancient history is retold merely to show the position John McGraw was in when the series started. Place yourself in his own position and figure what you would do. He saw that his team was giving a farcical exhibition and was valuing flashing signs to them, but they all were ignored. When the Giants returned to the bench at the end of the third inning it is said that several players made it plain to him that they were going to do just about what they pleased.

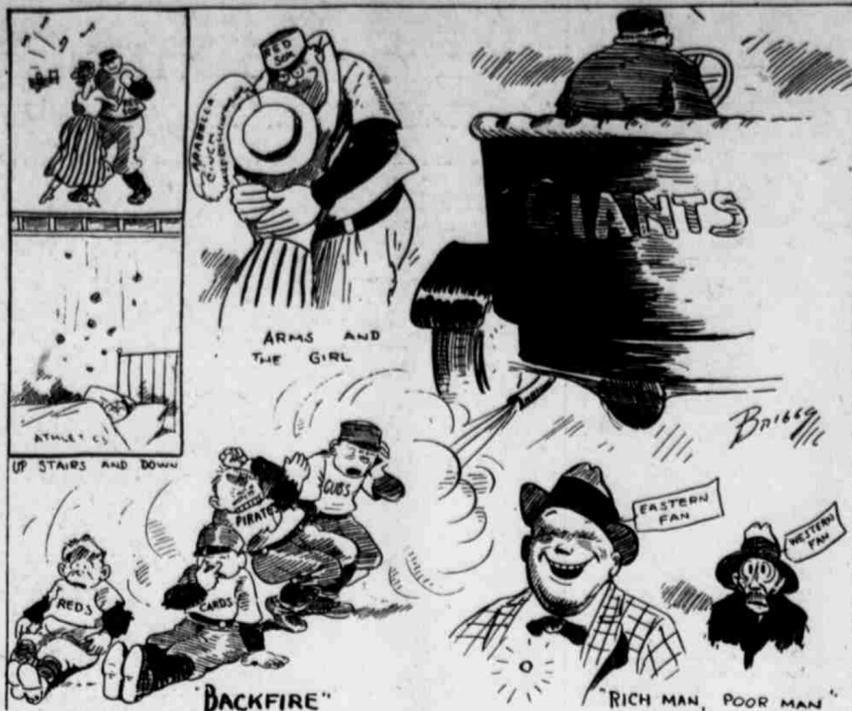
McGraw realized that the fans throughout the country would blame him for the fiasco and the record he has long kept clean would be blotted. He took the only course that would save him. If he remained on the bench for the nine innings, it would be up to him to explain the fiasco, but when he left the field and made his sensational announcement to the EVENING LEADER representative he showed that he had nothing whatever to do with the frame-up, if it was one.

No doubt the National Commission is going to take McGraw to task for not keeping quiet until the storm blows over, but there were at least 5000 New York fans present who worship McGraw, and he rightfully refused to make it seem that he was a party to anything that was depriving them of hard-earned money, there being an unusual amount of money wagered on the game.

Then, we return to the playing of the New York players who handed the game to Brooklyn after taking a four-run lead. Perhaps they were intentionally very bum, and perhaps they had an off day. Once more we ask, "What's the answer?"

It's a beautiful tangle for the National Commission to unravel.

THE BASEBALL RIALTO



LISTLESS PLAYING OF THE GIANTS WAS UNFAIR TO PHILADELPHIA, DECLARES GRANTLAND RICE

Work of New York Team in Deciding Game Against Brooklyn Dodgers Justly Angers McGraw and Spoils Finish of Great Race for Pennant

By GRANTLAND RICE

JOHN J. MCGRAW exploded twenty-eight tons of gunpowder under the National League race yesterday afternoon when he quit the field in the fifth inning at Ebbets Park, disgusted at the work of his club.

The Giant leader's openly expressed disgust, in our opinion, was pretty well justified.

While the Braves were crashing into the Phillies at top speed and playing out the game as the game should be played, the Giants were curling up badly against the new pennant winners, making no part of an effort to go out and fight.

It was not so much a matter of misplays, errors and basehits. The charge to be brought against the record holders was the mental attitude of the team, the careless, listless, slipshod don't-give-a-hang attitude all through the game with a pennant at stake. Errors, basehits and wild pitches are all a part of baseball. But loading on the job isn't.

Yesterday's schedule was a critical spot in the National League race. The Braves, by winning a game on Monday and nailing the first game on Tuesday, had already shown they were giving the Phillies the best of the stretch, dealt baseball a hard blow, in that it gave any number of critics the opening they had been looking for to charge the Giants with friendliness toward the Brooklyn camp.

No one could say, of course, there was any draw-up at hand, for it wasn't that sort of an exhibition. In a frame-up or an understood arrangement the affair would have been handled with greater care. In this case the entire smear was open to public inspection. No attempt was made to cover anything up.

The Giants, or rather the most of them, made no effort to conceal the fact that they were not interested in the game to the slightest degree. Whether the blame was due to a big let-down from the recent record drive or from friendliness to Robby, or from

a lack of desire to get out and hustle, is a phase of the situation that no one can tell.

But the vital part of the situation is this—here was a day in baseball that might decide a pennant race.

In this city one of the contenders was forced to face a ball club fighting its hardest all the way. In Brooklyn another contender was facing a ball club that should have been doing the same, but in place of this was making no part of a determined stand.

This, of course, was strictly unfair to the Phils. The Giants should have realized this, and no matter how badly state they might have felt the effort at least should have been made to play the game and play it to the final out.

There should have been four ball clubs fighting hard yesterday—Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn and New York. In place of this there were only three clubs fighting, and one of these three was not New York.

Now, there is one thing that McGraw's harsher critics could never say of him, and that is that he isn't a fighter every inch of the way. No matter how friendly John J. would have felt toward Robby, it is his nature to go out and give battle to the last. It was the realization that

the listless attitude of his club was putting him in bad which caused him to leave the field in anger and disgust.

He knew well enough that any number of fans were willing to believe that he would like to favor his old lieutenant, Robinson. When his club began to go through the motions attached to an afternoon off or a holiday he felt that it was up to him to show that he had no part in the day's big fiasco. It was his only way to prove that he was not attached to the cave-in and that he was in no way responsible for what took place.

It was a most unfortunate ending to one of the greatest races the National League has ever had. It was unfortunate for Brooklyn, who had no part in the plot; unfortunate for the Giants, who lost any number of friends, and unfortunate for baseball, a sport that has been built up on the theory that all connected with it shall play the game and play it out.

Tennis Trophy Won by Washburn

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—Watson M. Washburn gained permanent possession of the West Side Lawn Tennis Club's championship singles trophy when he won it for the third time on the Forest Hills courts yesterday, defeating Fred C. Hays in the title round, 9-7, 6-3, 2-6, 6-3. Hays played brilliant but erratic tennis, while Washburn was always steady.

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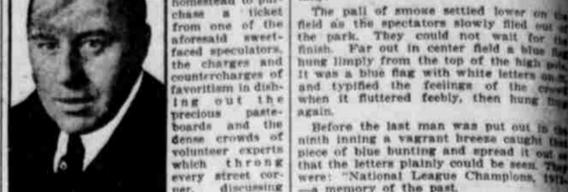
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LOYAL THROG STANDS WITH BARED HEADS AS MORAN'S MEN SINK FOR THE THIRD TIME

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL

PHILADELPHIA will not be the same this year. The raucous cries of the sweat-faced ticket speculator, the angry shouts of the mob which refuses to budge from one of the aforesaid sweet-faced speculators, the charges and countercharges of favoritism in dish-ing out the precious paste-boards and the dense crowds of volunteer experts which throng every street corner, discussing baseball as if they were used to it—all of this will be missing in our city in the next two weeks.



R. W. MAXWELL

The Phillies erased themselves as pennant contenders and for the second time since 1910, there will be no world's series games played in the north end of town. Boston hung the kibosh on the home talent—twice in the same place—and it might be stated right here that the Phils did not throw either of the games. Our boys played as well as they knew how, but the Batting Beantown Braves, played a couple of mites better—gosh ding em!

The battle of Waterloo was enacted on the National League grounds with a full cast and before an appreciative audience. There were eighteen different teams, all of which made just as much of a bit as the sinking of the Titanic. Instead of cheers there were groans and the audience stood with bared heads, weeping silently as the men of Pat Moran sank for the third time, with no hope of rescue.

It was the end of an imperfect day—a day which will linger long in the minds of the 18,000 customers who paid real money to click the clicks on the turnstiles. They clung in crowded street cars, allowed the burglars who drive taxicabs to take all of their money with a smile; in fact, suffered every inconvenience to watch the Phillies climb over the prostrate bodies of the Braves and get closer to the pennant. They had pleasant thoughts, which were hopelessly wrecked and they sadly wended their way homeward, feeling like a gang of college students after the death football team had been beaten to a frazzle.

After the first game had been lost there still was hope, as Brooklyn then was trailing New York and had a good chance to lose. But in the second disaster, after Boston had taken the lead in the seventh and started the bombardment in the eighth, all hope had fled. It was then that the spectators gave vent to their feelings.

A heavy pall of smoke slowly settled over the field when Bender faced the foe. It was in keeping with the depressed feelings of the faithful who stayed for the finish. Wilbert, the first man up, made a clean single, but silence was his reward. Konechny also singled and more silence prevailed. Smith followed with another base hit and the crowd shuddered when Wilbert's spikes cut the plate for another score.

Larry Chapelle then made the fourth hit

Red Sox and Brooklyn Men Eligible for Series

BOSTON AMERICANS—W. F. Carrigan, manager; A. G. Newsome, Harry Cady, Foster, Gainer, Gardner, Gregg, Henriksen, Hoblit, Hooper, Janvrin, Jones, Leonard, Lewis, Mays, McNally, Ruth, Scott, Shore, Shorten, Thomas, Wagner, Walker, Walsh and Wyckoff.

Brooklyn—W. Robinson, manager; Appleton, Cuthaw, Coombs, Cheney, Daubert, Dell, Getz, Johnstone, Miller, Mills, Myers, Merkle, Murgard, Meyers, Mowrey, Olan, O'Mara, Pfeffer, Rucker, Smith, Stengel and Wheat.

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—HERE'S A LETTER TELLING ME TO CALL ON MR. JONES A LAWYER TO JEE ABOUT THAT HALF A MILLION DOLLARS MY UNCLE JIM LEFT ME—

—WELL, WELL GO AND JEE, BUT BELIEVE ME, I THINK IT'S ALL A FAKE!

—OH, PETEY DEAR, I'M SO NERVOUS!

—HERE WE ARE, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT SORT OF A BUNK GAME THIS IS—

—I'M MRS. PETER DINK, I'VE COME TO SEE YOU ABOUT MY ER—ER—

—OH MRS. DINK, PLEASE SIT DOWN—CHARMED INDEED—DEE-LIGHTED!

—MY, HOW WELL YOU'RE LOOKING, I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR UNCLE JIM HAD SUCH A CHARMING NIECE—LET'S SEE, UM HUM—YOU ARE A WIDOW, ARE YOU NOT—ER—UM—UM?

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There Can't Be the Least Doubt About It